

## Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduffe.

*Mal.* Let vs seeke out some desolate shade, & there Weepe our sad bosomes empty.

*Macd.* Let vs rather Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men, Befride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne, New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out Like Syllable of Dolour.

*Mal.* What I beleue, Ile waile; What know, beleue; and what I can redresse, As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil. What you haue spoke, it may be so perchance. This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest: you haue lou'd him well, He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something You may discern of him through me, and wisdom To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe T'appease an angry God.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But Macbeth is.

A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle In an Imperiall charge. But I shall craue your pardon: That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpoe; Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell. Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace Yet Grace must still looke so.

*Macd.* I haue lost my Hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance euen there Where I did finde my doubts. Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Childe? Those precious Motiues, those strong knots of Loue, Withour leaue-taking. I prau you, Let not my Icalousies, be your Dishonors, But mine owne Saferies: you may be rightly iust, What euer I shall thinke.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed poore Country, Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear thy wrongs, The Title, is as fear'd. Far thee well Lord, I would not be the Villaine that thou thinkest, For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graspe, And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Benot offended: I speake not as in absolute feare of you: I thinke our Country shokes beneath the yoke, It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall, There would be hands vplifted in my right: And heere from gracious England haue I offer Of goodly thousands, But for all this, When I shall tread vpon the Tyrants head, Or yeare it on my Sword, yet my poore Country Shall haue more vices then it had before, More suffer, and more sundry wayes then euer, By him that shall succede.

*Macd.* What should he be?

*Mal.* It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know All the particulars of Vice so grafted,

That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macbeth Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd With my confinelesse harmes.

*Macd.* Not in the Legions Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd In euils, to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him Bloody, Luxurious, Avaricious, False, Deceitfull, Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of euery sinne That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wiues, your Daughters, Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp The Cisterne of my Lust, and my Desire All continent Impediments would ore-bear. That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth, Then such an one to reigne.

*Macd.* Boundlesse intemperance In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath benee Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne, And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet To take vpon you what is yours: you may Conuey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke: We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be That Vulture in you, to deuoure so many As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselves, Finding it so inclinde.

*Mal.* With this, there growes

In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such A stanchlesse Auarice, that were I King, I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands, Desire his Jewels, and this others House, And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce To make me hunger more, that I should forge Quarrels vniust against the Good and Loyall, Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This Auarice

Sticks deeper: growes with more pernicious roote Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare, Scotland hath Foyfons, to fill vp your will Of your meere Owne. All these are portable, With other Graces weigh'd.

*Mal.* But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces, As Iustice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness, Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowlinesse, Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude, I haue no relish of them, but abound In the diuision of each seuerall Crime, Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell, Vpore the vniuersall peace, confound All vniuity on earth.

*Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland.

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake: I am as I haue spoken.

*Mac.* Fit to gouerne? No not to liue. O Nation miserable! With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptr'd, When shalt thou see thy whollome dayes againe? Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne By his owne Interdiction stands accus'd, And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father Was a most Saincted King: the Queene that bore thee, Ofiner vpon her knees, then on her feet, Dy'de euery day the liu'd. Fare thee well,

These

These Euils thou repeat'st vpon thy selfe, Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest, Thy hope ends heere.

*Mal.* Macduffe, this Noble passion Childe of integrity, hath from my foule Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuellish Macbeth, By many of these traines, hath fought to win me Into his power: and modest Wisdom pluckes me From ouer-credulous hast: but God about Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now I put my selfe to thy Direction, and Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure The raints, and blames I laide vpon my selfe, For strangers to my Nature. I am yet Vnkowne to Woman, neuer was forsworne, Scarfely haue couet'd what was mine owne: At no time broke my Faith, would not betray The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking Was this vpon my selfe. What I am truly Isthine, and my poore Countries to command: Whicher indeed, before they heere approach Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike men Already at a point, was setting forth: Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodnesse Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?

*Macd.* Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

*Mal.* Well, more anon. Comes the King forth I pray you?

*Doct.* I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules That stay his Cure: their malady conuinces The great assay of Art. But at his touch, Such sanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand, They presently amend.

Exit.

*Mal.* I thanke you Doctor.

*Macd.* What's the Disease he meane?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the Euill.

A most myraculous worke in this good King, Which often since my heere remaine in England, I haue seene him do: How he solicites heauen Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people All swolne and Vicerous, pittifull to the eye, The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures, Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes, Pat on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken To the succeeding Royalty he leaues The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue, He hath a heavenly giuft of Prophecie, And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne, That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Rosse.

*Macd.* See who comes heere.

*Mal.* My Countryman: but yet I know him nor.

*Macd.* My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

*Mal.* I know him now. Good God betimes remoue The meane that makes vs Strangers.

*Rosse.* Sir, Amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did?

*Rosse.* Alas poore Country,

Almost afraid to know it selfe. It cannot Recall'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing But who knowes nothing, is once seene to smile: Where sighes, and groanes, and shrieks that rent the ayre

Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell, Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens liues Expire before the Flowers in their Caps, Dying, or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.

*Mal.* What's the newest griefe?

*Rosse.* That of an houres age, doth hisse the speaker, Each minute teemes a new one.

*Macd.* How do's my Wife?

*Rosse.* Why well.

*Macd.* And all my Children?

*Rosse.* Well too.

*Macd.* The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?

*Rosse.* No, they were wel at peace, when I did leaue 'em

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech: How goes't?

*Rosse.* When I came hither to transport the Tydings Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour Of many worthy Fellowes, that were our, Which was to my beleefe witness the rather, For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot. Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland Would create Soldiours, make our women fight, To doffe their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Bee't their comfort

We are comming thither: Gracious England hath Lent vs good Seyward, and ten thousand men, An older, and a better Souldier, none That Christendome giues out.

*Rosse.* Would I could answer This comfort with the like. But I haue words That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre, Where hearing should not latch them.

*Macd.* What concerne they, The generall cause, or is it a Fee-griefe Due to some single brest?

*Rosse.* No minde that's honest But in it shares some woe, though the maine part Pertaines to you alone.

*Macd.* 'Tis be mine

Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.

*Rosse.* Let not your eares dispise my tongue for euer, Which shall possesse them with the heauiest sound That euer yet they heard.

*Macd.* Humh: I guesse at it.

*Rosse.* Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes Sauagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner Were on the Quarry of these murder'd Deere To adde the death of you.

*Mal.* Mercifull Heauen:

What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes: Giue sorrow words; the griefe that do's not speake, Whispers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

*Macd.* My Children too?

*Rosse.* Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too?

*Rosse.* I haue said.

*Mal.* Be comforted.

Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge, To cure this deadly greefe.

*Macd.* He ha's no Children: All my pretty ones?

Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?

What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme At one fell swoope?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so:

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